roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that. Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ha. Doſt thou think *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may returne *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander* till a finde it ſtopping a bung-hole.

Hora. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ha. No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth we make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might they not ſtop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to clay
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw!
But ſoft, but ſoft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The coarſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of ſome eſtate:
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies have bin as far inlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified bin lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and pebbles ſhould be throwne on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Doct. No more be done:
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem* and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt
A miniſtring Angel ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What? the faire *Ophelia?*

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhouldſt have bin my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe!
Fall ten times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenuous ſenſe
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.
Now pile your duſt upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made
T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
Hamlet the *Dane*.

Laer. The Divell take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well; I prethee take thy f
For though I am not ſpleenative and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand.

King. Plucke them aſunder.

Quee. Hamlet, Hamlet.